



"LIBERTY—FRATERNITY—UNITY"—THE WATCHWORDS OF THE RACE.

VOLUME I.  
NUMBER 7.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 11, 1853.

TERMS, \$2 PER ANNUM.  
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

## Rebelations of Nature.

### Original. THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY D. CORY, M. D.

NUMBER ONE.

It is a question of some importance, whether a blind credulity—an unreasoning, unquestioning faith, which accepts and adopts the religious opinions of others without weighing their merits or canvassing their claims to such confidence, is in any essential degree better than no faith at all. I am aware that, by most persons, this question would be promptly answered in the affirmative—i. e., that a blind faith is preferable to no faith. But whichever way this inquiry may be decided, (and each must decide it for himself,) it can not be doubted that this is, and ever has been, the kind of religious faith possessed by the masses of mankind. It has never been deemed desirable or necessary for them to think much on these matters, lest thinking, they might think too much and too far; it was enough if their faith was orthodox, in the estimation of their "shepherds," no matter whether they understood it or not. All was well! And, on the other hand, the sheep of the various flocks and folds, have ever found it convenient, and a great saving of labor, thus to have their thinking done to their hands. And what is not a little singular, is, that just in proportion to their real ignorance of the true merits of the faith they had adopted, has been their zeal for its advocacy and support.

Pagans and Jews, Mahomedans and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, have each furnished their martyrs, and can each point to them in testimony of the truth of their religion and the sincerity of their faith; while a large majority of all these would have been wholly unable to give 'a reason for the hope that is within them.' Indeed, such has ever been the controlling influence of the organ of marvelousness in religion, that a faith that did not minister largely to the demands of this faculty—that did not deal freely in the marvelous and the miraculous, could not meet the popular wants or obtain the popular sanction. Reason must be set aside.

Men act not thus unwisely, unthinkingly, in the business avocations

of every day life. If you ask A. why he sowed his seed on the ground and covered it with soil, he is ready to give a reason for hope that is in him, that he shall reap in return; and that reason is based on the experience of himself and others in the persistence and uniformity of the laws which regulate and control the various stages and processes of vegetable life, from germination to maturity. There is no credulity here. If you interrogate B. why he places an obstruction across the stream in the shape of a dam, he will answer you that water, thus accumulated, and its surface elevated, constitutes a motive power, that this power is increased as the square of the distance of elevation, and that, by availing himself of this unvarying law of Hydrostatics, he intends to construct machinery for the saving of human labor and the supply of human wants. No miracle is sought for or expected to promote the desired results. There is no credulity in the case. He gives a reason for his hope.

In every department of thought and of human activity, except Theology, it is so. Facts derived from experience, and reasoning by induction from those facts, are the foundation of every art and every science. But as soon as we leave the domain of what is called the natural sciences, and approach the subject of moral and spiritual law, or that most important of all sciences, the "science of Man"; that which relates to a knowledge of ourselves, and the laws and principles which govern us as triune intelligences, in all our relations as animal, intellectual and moral beings, all is vagueness and uncertainty—chaos and confusion worse confounded. The anxious, earnest inquirer may ask from the depths of his inmost soul, and repeat the inquiry with intense and heartfelt emotion, "What is truth?" Where shall I find that "pearl of great price"? "What shall I do to inherit eternal life—an inheritance among those who are sanctified?" The answers will be as diverse and conflicting as the number of those to whom it is addressed. It is, lo, here! lo, there! Each has his moral panacea; each his standard of truth; each his path that leads incontestibly to the goal of Wisdom and happiness in the future, while they are all, at variance, contradictory and incompatible, one with each other.

Who, that has felt the longing of his soul after truth, has not experienced the force of this remark; and having felt it, has not been forced to turn, disappointed and sorrowing, away? Each has pointed the novitiate to the same fountain of religious doctrines, "The Bible;"

and has pointed out his favorite tenets there. Each has claimed this as his standard, and declared, "here is my faith." Each has shown in the same "infallible" authority a "Thus saith the Lord," and exultingly said, "My faith must be true; it is based on the immutable Word of God."

It is to be wondered at, that so many valuable and investigating minds have become first bewildered and finally skeptical in such a labyrinth of inconsistencies,—such a maze of incompatibilities. Is it strange that, having no key by which to unlock the mystery of all this, he should be tempted to exclaim, in the bitterness of his disappointment and doubt, "What, can it be so, that God, the infinite Fountain of Truth and Wisdom, has attempted to reveal to man his will, his truth; a transcript of his divine character, and, having attempted it, has succeeded no better than this? One man can give to another a clear and distinct apprehension of his will or wish, so that it can not be misunderstood; why, then, has not the Creator done so? Is God less wise than man?" He spurns the irreverent thought, and discards the whole as a baseless fiction, and an insult to his Reason!

Such, in innumerable cases, has been the melancholy effect of the want of any consistent and rational comprehension of the subject of revealed religion. While the natural sciences have received the almost undivided attention of a host of the brightest and loftiest intellects of the world, the science of religion has been left in interested and incompetent hands, whose efforts have tended to involve the whole subject in the most impenetrable and profound mystery, and to place it among the miraculous and supernatural things which transcended the grasp of human reason and research, and were beyond the range of human comprehension.

That class of minds which could not drink in, from the character of their phrenological organism, these marvels and mysteries, having, as I before said, no key by which to unlock them, had no alternative but to reject the whole system, and throw themselves back on the cold and cheerless plane of a blank infidelity. The thought that science and revelation are but one and the same, had not then had a being; or that science could ever place its clear, demonstrating finger on the subject of religion, and discriminate with unerring certainty between the true and the false, the real and the imaginary. Yet this consummation, so devoutly to be wished for, may be considered as one of the things which the future is sure to realize. And why not?

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

Why should any portion of this body be excluded from the pale of scientific induction?

The Universe consists of two great compartments: God, and Nature. God, the *Cause*, and Nature, the *effect*; God, the Creator, and Nature, the created. Here we see, at the threshold of the subject, that *great, cardinal* truth or principle which lies at the foundation of the inductive philosophy; and which constitutes the chain that binds the whole universe of matter and of mind in one grand system of relationship and dependencies; to wit—cause, and effect.

It is this undeviating principle of relationship which obtains in all the departments of natural law, that forms the beacon-light of science and philosophy. Every *thing* and every event in the wide universe, bears a certain relationship and connection with every other thing or event. Science but traces and points out this connection. There is no credulity required of us here. Neither do we take men's opinions as truth. We demand a demonstration at every step, and nature never disappoints our expectation.

Why, then, is it, that when we approach man—that most important link in the chain of effects; that most conspicuous part of this "stupendous whole"—every thing is vague, at loose ends and out of joint? Is it because man is of less consequence in the universe than the gross and unorganized matter that composes the rocks and mountains, the ocean and the air? Surely not. Is it because man is a hap-hazard, illegitimate offshoot, without any legal relationship to any other or antecedent causes or effects? We know this is not the case in relation to his body, for we find it subject to all the laws, and to the same extent, exactly, as any other matter; such as the laws of chemical affinity, gravitation, light, heat and electricity. His body is reverently

subject and obedient to the same divine code of unvarying laws that govern the whole universe of matter; and is his spiritual organism less the creature and subject of legal authority? If so, why? Is it of so much less importance than the unrefined corporeal matter, that it should be left to run wild and at loose ends, without guidance or control? This supposition is inadmissible. Let us examine his mental constitution. We find the various faculties of the mind represented in the brain, by a set of organs through which each faculty manifests itself. We find the mind, then, like the body, to be a compound structure, made up of a multiplicity of parts acting conjointly, and each being necessary for the perfection of the whole, and the whole, when in health and equilibrium, like the body, being a harmonious unit. No faculty of the mind can act in lieu of, or perform the functions of another, no more than one organ of the body can be substituted for another; as the eye for the ear, or the heart for the lungs. Each must do its own work, in accordance with the laws which regulate its own mode of action. The more this subject is studied and understood, the more proof do we find that not only every particle of the gross matter entering into the composition of our bodies, but even the minutely refined and infinitesimal molecules which constitute the substance and essence of the soul and spirit, are subject to the action and control of the same uniform code of laws that obtain throughout the entire physical universe.

The fog and mist that have been thrown around the subject of mental and spiritual philosophy by the metaphysical schools, and the indefinite, loose and incoherent ideas which pervade the masses in reference to the science of mind, have given general currency to the supposition, that this whole subject is, and ever must remain, a profound mystery, far beyond the reach of analysis or rational, philosophic induction.

It is true, this subject has hitherto been one fraught with difficulties. The mind is in itself, and in all its varied manifestations, so subtle as to elude the cognizance of the senses, and defy all attempts at chemical analysis. But does this establish the fact that it is beyond comprehension? Or that it forms an independent sovereignty of its own, within, but not subject to, the imperial code which governs all else?

The time was when the learned philosopher would tremble at the terrific thunderbolt as it flashed like a specter across his wondering vision. The subject was far above his comprehension, and the agent too subtle to admit of examination. Even the immortal Newton, and the renowned Kepler, were as much in the dark here as the wandering savage! They, who could measure and weigh the heavenly bodies; mark out the tracks of wayward comets; determine the orbits of the planets; calculate with unerring certainty all their motions and the laws which govern them; demonstrate that the same principle in natural law which caused the apple to fall, held the solar system and the whole stellar universe in leading-strings—could not solve the problem of the lightning's flash; and the polarity of the needle was a mystery too profound even for conjecture. Yet after so brief a lapse of time, the lightning has been tamed by the conquering power of mind, and converted into an obedient messenger of thought; and its laws are one of the themes of common school education! The idea that the forked lightning, the attraction of gravitation, and the magic power of the loadstone, were but different manifestations of the same subtle but invisible agency, would have been, to these great men, a proposition too startling and absurd for a philosophic truth. Such, however, is the fact. Even chemical affinity and cohesive attraction, are almost demonstrated to be the result of positive and negative action; even *life itself*, with all its varied phenomena, of both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, will probably yet be ascertained to be only sparks and currents from the same battery that gives animation and motion to the universe.

The deeper we explore the field of Nature, and the more intimate our acquaintance with her laws, the more simple and incomplex do we find all her operations, and the more uniformity, harmony and perfection do we discover. Such, doubtless, will be the case in all that pertains to the science of the mind and the spirit.



As there can be nothing outside and independent of nature, except the Deity, so there can be nothing *in nature*, which is not strictly and wholly subject to her every law. If this proposition be carried out to its legitimate deductions, it will follow incontestably that the only reason why the laws which govern mind and spirit are not as fully and clearly comprehended as other departments of science, is because the subject has been esteemed too mysterious and recondite for examination, and too deep for human apprehension, and has therefore never, until the present age, been made a matter of scientific research. The discoveries of Gall, and his coadjutors, in phrenology, laid the foundation for a new school of mental philosophy, which promises to subvert the whole system of opinions and theories concerning the mental constitution of man; and in its stead, give us reason, induction and demonstration.

Original.

### JUNE FLOWERS.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

THE fairness of May has now unfolded into the more voluptuous beauty of this, the brightest month of the year; and the verdant robe of June is embroidered with blossoms of the most exquisite delicacy, and the most splendid coloring.

The common fields and way-sides are vying now with gardens in the variety and beauty of their productions. By the cottage porch, along the garden trellis, and away over the rough hillsides, roses are coming out, bright and balmy with the earliest kisses of the morning; and many a wild spot is blushing with the beauty, and fragrant with the breath, of the unfolding Eglantine. There is Iris in the gardens—the German with its petals of tender flesh-color enameled with insipidated dew-drops, and bearded with gold, and the *Fleur de lis* with its translucent purple, also bedropped with golden fringes.

The tulips are nearly gone from the gardens; but the Tulip-Tree, one of the most splendid productions of our northern forests, is now in full beauty; and its magnificent flowers, dashed with orange, and richly contrasting with the large, green, glossy leaves, well sustain the ancient honors of their noble name. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this tree, unless it may be its southern sister, the *Magnolia Grandiflora*. It is also one of the stateliest, often exceeding eighty feet in height, with a diameter of from two to five feet. Along the lanes and road sides, and scattered over rich meadows, the two species of the Locust may be seen, waving their long winged leaves of delicate pea-green, and sending forth clouds of fragrance from their white and rose-colored flowers, and we feel that these at least while in flower, are not less beautiful than the last.

But let us pause a moment, and observe the grass and grain fields; for the grasses are now in their full beauty; and the grains will begin to be golden by another month. See, now, as the wind is freshening, how the green waves roll on, one after another, still receding, still advancing, like a sea of living verdure. How beautiful to the eye, and how excellent in the associations of benefit and use! There are more brilliant blossoms—there may be more finely elaborated foliage; but what tribe or class of plants is so truly valuable as these, the great family of the Grasses, to which belong not only all the grains, but our Indian Corn, and the Sugar Cane? And yet, as if this interior or ultimate moral beauty were not sufficient for the dual nature of man, they are made fair to the eye; and their refreshing color is the basis of the most beautiful effects, in the light and shade of landscapes.

But as we pass along the borders of the wood, we see the golden Bell-worts lightly nodding on their delicate stalks; and blooming in the deepest shadows, we find the mystic clusters of the Solomon's Seal. Further still, in the rich and mellow ground beneath some broad old tree, is the Cucumber-root—its leaves and flowers arranged with geometrical exactness; and in the loneliest places, especially among the Pines, is the *Trientalis*, looking up toward heaven with its starry eyes, as if seeking for the light whence it had drawn its whiteness. Here, too, is the Winter-green, with its modest bell-blossom, and its spicy leaf. Look! the ground is covered with the myrtle-like foliage of

the delicate *Mitchella*, and how very fragrant are the little purple tubes of its twin flower! Here and there, in its favorite places, for it is a dainty, if not a tender chit, is the *Pyrola*, spreading its round, shield-like leaves to the horizon, and pouring out from every cup in its umbel of white flowers, the odorous breath of welcome.

Turning again to the Pines we find the Cuckoo-flower with its two broad green leaves, and its large inflated nectary of dull red, which has given it the name of the Lady's slipper.

But come with me to the steep acclivity, that stretches along the bank of yonder stream. Ah! we can now see it, as we emerge into the open wood, stretching away, entirely out of sight, and covered with one continuous mesh of bloom—blushing like the eastern sky in the richest beauty of morning! It is the Mountain laurel, with its dark evergreen foliage almost hidden in the profusion of its flowers variously tinged, from white to a brilliant rose-red. The splendor of this plant in full bloom, can hardly be conceived by one who has not seen it. The profusion and luxuriance of the flowers, at once soft and brilliant in their coloring, and the glossy greenness of the leaves, forms a picture whose beauty could not be exaggerated; for in describing it, the most glowing hyperbole of the Orient, would be literal truth.

But again we are turning back into the shadows; and now if you are not city-bred, and have courage to follow me into a savage-looking wild—a kind of miniature edition of the Dismal Swamp—pray let us go. Away, then, through bush and briar, and long, drooping ferns! How the shadows and the silence deepen. How calm and cool are these embowering shades, roofed with the luxuriant foliage of the tall Ash and Maple, and closed by the pea-green drapery of the graceful *Cornus*. Here is the yellow Lady's slipper, a rare and curious flower, whose favorite parterre is such a scene as this. The tall Blue-berry shrubs are thickly grouped around us, and their bright green leaves and white bells tipped with purple, promise cool shadow, and much fruit, for the commoners of Nature.

But we have not come here for these alone. How luxuriantly beautiful, how intensely still is every thing around us! Let us sit down awhile, and rest on this mossy rock, that overhangs the fountain, whose waters come up into the earth-basin so stillly, and ooze away again so silently, their motion is like sleep itself, and their very life is a murmurless dream. Now listen to the silence; for it is so profound it addresses itself to the auditory perceptions—we seem to hear it! Alone with Beauty and Silence, far away in the swampy wild-wood, and yet, where more intensely than here, can we feel the presence and the power of the Infinite—that great expanse of being, of which our own souls are a part! The green doors of this fair solitude are closed against the world; and here is the very music of silence. Not a wind blows; not a leaf stirs—not a brook murmurs; not a bird sings; but our hearts are filled with a sweet harmony, as if the sweet chords of silence were touched by the finger of spirits!

But hush! the stillness trembles! and now it bursts forth at once into the very ecstasy of sound! What strain is that of mingled vivacity and pathos, of wonderful sweetness and power, which thrills, and trills, along every leaf, and fills the whole green concave with its rich volume of swelling sound? It is the little Wood-thrush, the tuneful hermit of the forest. See! he knows me for a friend; and shy as he is, he is fitting along by us, and looking down with his small, bright eyes, as if asking us to *encore* his song. Ah, no, sweet bird! we must break away from your attractions. The world has cares for us, other than the gathering of flowers or listening to music, even such as thine.

### Pandanus.

THIS tree, which is sometimes called the Screw-Pine, is very valuable to the natives of those countries in South-America where it is found. Almost every part of it is converted to some purpose or other. The leaves are used to thatch houses, and for coarse and fine mats. The fruit is cut into sections and strung into necklaces, which are worn by the women. They are of a bright red, tinged with orange and yellow. The flowers emit a very powerful perfume. When the tree is in full bloom, the whole air is odorous.

F. H. G.

## Social and Moral Ethics.

Original.

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

[The following is an abstract of a lecture on the above subject, delivered by J. K. INGALLS, before the Society of Liberals, Sunday, May 29th, 1853.]

## PART SECOND.

IN my previous remarks upon this subject, I endeavored to demonstrate the true relations of man to the earth and its productions; and I concluded that the laws which make property of the earth and its spontaneous productions, and of man who tills the earth, were unjust, and productive of the most serious and lamentable consequences.

I am not, however, discussing the question as to whether these laws have once been beneficial in their operations, or not; and upon the decision of which should be based our present and future action; because the only means which could have been employed an age, or even a short period, since, may be entirely inadequate to our present demands. I am rather endeavoring to ascertain the true principles which relate to the subject under consideration, and what is the best course to pursue for the harmonizing of mankind, so far as the conditions of labor may exert an influence to that end. I am not in favor of retaining laws which have once been satisfactory in their operation, merely because such has been the case, and not questioning their present appropriateness. Because an individual may conceive it proper under some circumstances to let blood from his system, does it follow that he shall continue that practice, henceforth? This course would soon completely exhaust all his vitality, and death would ensue.

There has been a development of the social condition of the race in a manner corresponding to the growth and progress of nature—by means of a series of progressive unfoldings, one above another. Each of the series had its appropriate degree of life; and when called upon to yield up its life, that it might be incorporated into the vitality of the succeeding and higher order, it has refused to do so; and from a desire to preserve its own identity, has adhered to it, with a protracted and rebellious grasp.

The first inhabitants of earth were hunters, and subsisted by their skill in capturing wild-beasts. These were followed by those who practiced the more peaceful and profitable mode of domesticating animals. Subsequently a higher order succeeded—that of the cultivation of the earth. But those who adhered to their old system of life, attempted, in some instances, to plunder the progressive ones; and in order to obtain possession of their wealth, destroyed the lives of those who produced it. But the next season found the plundered district desolate; and hence the robbers adopted the plan of sparing the lives of those they captured, and said to them, "we will not slay you; we will keep you to toil for us." They found, however, with the development of arts and methods of convenience and comfort, that this kind of service was not satisfactory; and hence they adopted the feudal system; from which ultimately grew the present relation of labor, wages and capital. But in all of these changes and regulations, during the past, the laws governing them have been enacted and enforced by the physically powerful, and not those controlled by the moral forces.

I am not trying to prove that the world has always been wrong in its social relations. I do not urge that society could have been more rapidly developed by any other means than those which have been employed. But the question is, are we not already sufficiently elevated to operate upon principles of equity? May we not, in our present condition, render justice to whom justice is due? and give industry its full reward, instead of sharing it with idleness?

And here may be presented a few facts, in illustration of what I consider to be the true principle—which we are now capable of practicing with universal benefit—that capital is not entitled to a division, with labor, of the fruits of productive industry. I do not desire, however, to destroy the natural force of capital; but would have those laws repealed which give capital the power over man. I would have

avarice release its grasp upon the soil, and the spontaneous productions of nature. In this city, a man obtains the possession of a house by some means—by the usual operations of business it may be—and he realizes an annual income of perhaps one thousand dollars, for the rent of it; which is the reward given him by society for the merit of owning a house. Another person, without the power of obtaining a home, has been compelled to labor hard, year after year, during the whole course of his life to acquire one-third of the means received by the first named, and from which he can hardly pay for the use of a house, and support himself and family. And this is the penalty inflicted upon him by society, for being destitute of a certain amount of capital. Is this justice? Is this equality? One labors until death releases him, and yet is in a condition of complete slavery to the one who merely possesses a certain amount of property.

Again the man who receives, yearly, the above named amount for the use of his capital, is enabled to purchase the continual labor of two or three men for the same length of time. Suppose he was allowed to buy these men and compel them to toil; would the case be anywise different, as far as the conditions of their labor are concerned?

A business man realizes from his profession the amount of seven hundred dollars per annum—the interest of the capital invested. This he receives from the fruits of his employes' labor, who are compelled to toil unremittingly for their subsistence. If the law granted him the privilege of owning these men, and forcing their services from them, would their position be materially changed? He receives from the fruits of each man's skill, all that exceeds the means of a scanty livelihood—if he owned the man, he could realize no more.

I might illustrate extensively, the fact that to the extent that the capitalist abstracts from the proceeds of his workmen's labor, he makes slaves of them. But I deem the above sufficient.

Now, is this state of things as it should be, or not? Do the laborers need emancipation, or have they their just deserts? Is the practice of usury founded upon the principles of justice, or despotism?

When the true solution of these questions is settled in the minds of the masses, the means for securing just relations between labor and capital will be comprehended and enforced. And to effect this, many think that we should not go to the extremes which we contend for, but that we might work out a sufficient reform by merely increasing the rates of wages, lessening the hours of labor, &c. If this is the best way, why agitate the matter? Why not plod along in the old paths which we have ever trod, merely repeating the attempts which we have always been making, and letting capital continue to enact the laws of labor, as has been the custom? Why do we strive to elevate that which is not depressed?

But this course will never effect a just and lasting remedy. What we need is a radical change—one that will completely extirpate the unjust principle which allows capital to own that which is not truly property, and to usurp a portion of the fruits of industry. And no difficult and complicated scheme is necessary to effect this. The simple laws of nature are all sufficient, and may be easily understood and practiced.

I do not, however, expect or wish a great revolution which will make laboring men idle dwellers of palaces. I only insist that we should use our utmost exertions to promote justice; that we should understand and proclaim our rights and grievances. If capital receives that which is not its own, why shall we not say so? Or if labor is rewarded too highly, let us ascertain the amount and declare it, or we may do injustice to capital. Let us discuss the whole question thoroughly, and announce the result to the world. But few may receive it at first; yet if the conclusion is a true one, its friends will multiply more and more, until the desired reform may be worked out.

Let us not be satisfied by the sophistry of those who declare, that when capital is abundant, all are more happy, and labor is better rewarded. Because, the more capital there is hoarded up, the more tremendous and disastrous are the results; for it operates as great weights of oppression, which crush the life and limb. It is unnecessary and injurious that great wealth should exist at all; for the luxuriance, ease and splendor which it produces, causes weakness, effeminacy,

and aristocracy in its subjects, while it oppresses more and more the envious and hostile laborer whom it causes to accommodate its caprices.

It is a great mistake that an accumulation of capital is beneficial. The whole amount of wealth created in the past, would not sustain one-tenth of the race for one year, if productive industry should cease. The benefits of wealth are not universal; and capitalists understand full well that it is the isolation of wealth which gives it power. If I could be furnished the control of all the labor of the world, without one cent of capital, except the land and the means which nature furnishes, I would be able, in ten years to produce all of the utility, and much of the luxury, which at present exists on the face of the earth; and I would reward labor as well as it is at present rewarded.

It is an erroneous idea, that laborers are in the most prosperous circumstances when wages are the highest, especially if the remuneration of capital is also increased. It is but a mere appearance. Laboring men have not been benefitted the most during a rise in the price of labor, but rather the reverse. If the wages of all were raised alike, without also an addition to the quantity of products, how would the necessities and comforts of life be increased to the working man? There would be the same demand for supplies, by the whole world; and increased consumption by one class would cause a corresponding scarcity for another, and, therefore, additional prices for consumptive articles; so that in the end, high wages would secure no more than low ones.

An elevation of the price of labor is not the great end to be sought; but self-employment—the realization of each one's natural right to the soil and the spontaneous productions of the earth—independence of the power of capital, and a destruction of the unjust relations between it and labor. But there must be means for the accomplishment of this; there must be organized action; combination of labor; freedom from debt, and from the claims of the landlord—and to accomplish the latter let each one save a dollar a week, or whatever amount he may, toward the securing of a house.

Let the masses better their condition now, to the extent which the present relation of labor and capital will admit of. But this is not the ultimate which we desire. We are in a transition state; and these efforts toward emancipation bespeak the corruption and tyranny of the power of capital; they are caused by the agitation which will be succeeded by a revolution and the final establishment of a superior condition.

In conclusion, the question plainly stated is this: Is labor entitled to the full product of its industry—or should it yield a portion to capital? Is it just to compel one man to share a part of the fruits of his industry, with him who remains in idleness—or to receive the full compensation for his labor? And I answer, unequivocally, that the laborer, and him only, is justly entitled to the full fruits of his toil. Capital should receive a full reimbursement and no more; because capital of itself produces nothing; labor avails all that is superadded to the spontaneous productions of nature. Who, then, is entitled to the proceeds, but the producer?

If all the imperfections of our nature, and all the misfortunes of our condition, tend to weaken and discourage us, all the superior faculties which are accorded to us, to comprehend God, and to desire perfection, tend to save us from despair, from misery, and even from death; for a divine instinct more and more lucid and powerful, teaches us that nothing dies in the Universe, and that we disappear from the place where we have sojourned, to reappear in some place more favorable to our eternal developments.—[*Seven Chords of the Lyre*.]

### Friendship.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.]

LIKE the shadows of the morning appears the friendship of the Evil; for it will shorten, hour by hour; but the friendship of the Good lengthens like evening shadows, till the sun of life has set.

Original.

### THE WORSHIP OF MAMMON.

BY H. CLAY REYNOLDS.

Who does not love gold?—ay, *love it*! Those precious little glittering dollars—those yellow and more lustrous *orbs* of five, ten, twenty and fifty dollars' value—how they make our very hearts thrill at their jingle, and how almost involuntarily comes up the wish, "Oh for a million!" Those rings, bracelets, necklaces and chains, with all the little and great *et ceteras* composed of gold;—those rubies, amethysts, pearls, diamonds, and precious gems of every hue and shape; how we strive for, and how exultant do our poor, foolish hearts become at their possession—and how we clutch, and press them to our bosoms—nearest the very seat of life—as if worthy of our purest and most abiding affection! How we love to decorate our persons with silks, satins, laces—all that is most costly—to make a *splendid* appearance before our neighbors and the world! Our houses, too, can not be enjoyed as a home, unless profusely adorned with rich hangings, inlayings of variegated papier mache and pearl, tapestry and Turkey carpets, satin-cushioned chairs, gilt-framed mirrors and paintings, and plate of *solid* gold! Our court-yards must be adorned with flowers and shells from distant climes; our carriages of the most magnificent trim and polish—in short, our every thing must be better and more costly than any body's else, or we are unsatisfied, discontented, *miserable* creatures!

Oh, what a people! What a generation! Man, gifted with the godlike attribute of Reason—with an intellect that can be made so noble as to comprehend nearly all things—that can almost track and count the rolling worlds in space—that can fly the earth, the sea, the air, and hold converse with angels! can it be possible, Man, that you so far pervert your powers, so far forget your dignity, that you love mammon, *trinkets*, instead of your brother and your God? Oh! it should not, *must not*, be so! What! wear upon thy finger, the toil—the precious, perhaps bitter, toil—of a month, or a year, of one of thy brothers or sisters! Wear the six months', or six years' toil of a poor, weeping, sewing sister or brother upon thy neck, arm, or in thy ears! Lady, you little know the countless number of tears—heart-wrung tears—that are sparkling in those diamonds upon thy forehead! Man, you little dream of the drops of sweat you have endiamed upon your bosom!

To-day, you live in splendor; but at whose expense is all your luxury obtained? Your waste and extravagance for one week, Mr. Nabob, would feed and clothe thy brother's family for a year! Do you realize the fact? Think for a moment. To-morrow—yes, to-morrow! your pleasures and extravagances cease—cease forever: you die! The tomb is now your home—for your spirit, having been always upon earthly things, must still remain with the earth. The spirit that you should have exalted for heaven—for realms of joyous bliss and ceaseless pleasures—for the companionship of angels and happy spirits—for a home that is decorated with the jewels of love and rich ornaments of virtue and benevolence—is now buried as it were in the grave, conscious of its mean and low estate, and conscious, too, that it has deserved no higher.

Brethren—for all mankind *are* brothers, be they bond or free, in wealth or in rags, black, red, or white—will you ponder these truths: Every useless and extravagant article of apparel, every trinket of jewelry, every useless and extravagant article of household furniture and decoration, every useless and extravagant article of food or drink—in short, everything that you use or consume, in any shape or manner, which is unnecessary to health—is but adding to thy poor brothers' toils and wants! If ye have one spark of humanity, of love—one mite of hope for heaven—I conjure ye, for your own sakes, think, act—act *now*!

CERTAINLY, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when incensed or crushed, for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Bacon*.



## Facts and Phenomena.

Original.

### PORTRAIT OF J. W. C. PSYCHOMETRICALLY DELINEATED, BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

[The subject of the following sketch has presented the most wonderful mental phenomena of any person I have ever known; and perhaps there are very few, if any, in the whole range of history, whose powers have exhibited more remarkable characteristics than his thus far have done. The delineation is very correct; for if she had seen that it was a boy instead of a man, she would have perceived the transcendent genius of the character. But this she could not do, because she delineates from sympathy; and therefore, if in his prematurity, the subject has the strength of a man in thought and feeling, in limning his own emotions, she would necessarily picture a man, because it is the reflexed image of these that gives the impression. Among the many strong points which she portrays is the taste for Natural Science. Since the age of two years the love and study of nature have burned into his soul with the intensity of a passion. At the age of two years he began making collections of plants; at four years he had an Herbarium; at six and a half he had analyzed, entirely by himself, nearly a hundred plants; and at eight he had projected a great botanical work. When not more than six or seven, he made observations on the nests and incubation of birds and before he was nine the full edition of Turner's Chemistry was taken voluntarily, as a book of entertainment. Before the age of twelve years that profound work was familiar, almost, as the alphabet; and since, he has been going on with the same power, called forth in a still progressive series of developments.]

It should be said that the moral attributes in this character are quite as wonderful as the intellectual. J. is *not* subject to fits of melancholy at all. On the contrary, he is very happy and hopeful, as one must be who has such strong self-reliance, and such preëminent reason for trust in his own power. But the letter from which the character was drawn, was written under the influence of peculiar difficulty and anxious feeling; and in making her observations Mrs. Mettler must have been drawn, for a moment, into the sphere of that, and thus have mistaken a momentary effect, for a general characteristic. All else is nearly perfect.]

I should think the writer was subject to fits of melancholy, or rather a feeling of discouragement; yet not so deeply does this effect the mind that it can not rise above such feelings, and begin anew, with fresh vigor. There is much refinement of character possessed by this person.

I will term the writer a gentleman. He possesses strong sympathies, and much originality of mind. He perceives readily and is subject to much mental application. He appears to have much depth of soul, and can express himself in a free and impressive manner. He is open and frank in acknowledging or speaking whatever he thinks is right; and I do not think he would ever attempt to disguise any principle which he entertains, though it might cause him to sacrifice much.

He is very benevolent and charitable, as far as his means will permit. He is a great lover of nature and its beauties, and can draw many interesting observations, by reflecting and investigating its various phenomena. I should think he would admire a fine thunder-shower in the season of summer. Such

scenes appear to call forth a feeling of delight. In fact he seems to venerate every thing that is noble and grand. He is a great lover of justice, and is extremely mortified if he can not always do that which seems just and right. He is cautious, but not timid. He is firm and decided, and has good powers of concentration. He can express himself well in writing, or conversation, and may sometimes appear to individuals who do not know him well, to be rather eccentric. He has a good idea of art and mechanism, and would admire a fine piece of machinery.

He loves harmony, and is very fond of his friends. He seldom changes his opinions, when friendships are once formed. He appears equally fond of both sexes. He is proud of his country, and of his own good name. He is quite fond of approbation, and likes music. It seems to produce a cheering and elevating effect upon his mind.

He has a good memory of events, and of what he reads and sees. The mind is clear, and pleasing to me. I should think this individual was subject to a feeling of drowsiness; or he is a strong magnetizer; as he produces a drowsy effect upon me.

Original.

### SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

A VERY interesting communication was made to me a year or two since by the Rev. Mr. MASON, a Methodist Clergyman, and a very talented man from England. He told me he moved into a house in the suburbs of London some years before, for the purpose of opening a school, the building having been kept formerly by a lady for that purpose, and furnished with a convenient school room. There was a stair-way extending from the upper story, or attic, entirely down to the door, which was the only way of entrance to the house. The house, Mr. Mason observed, wore a neglected appearance, but of its history he was profoundly ignorant. This building I understood to contain a school room, three rooms on the next floor, and a large attic chamber above, where lodged a brother and the oldest boy, the younger children sleeping in the room with their parents. A few nights after the commencement of their housekeeping there, they were alarmed by hearing some one fall from the top of the attic stairs down the two pair, to the lower entry or hall. Mrs. Mason cried out that it was her son and he must be killed, and sprang into the entry to go to his assistance, while her husband struck a light. But no one was there and the brother at the same time alarmed for them, called to know what was the matter, as the boy was asleep in his bed and had not been out of it. The front door was fastened, and had any one fallen there, they could have got out no other way. The house was searched to no purpose, and the affair remained a mystery.

A few nights after they were awakened by a terrific noise in the school room, where the benches were apparently tumbled over, and much confusion seemed to prevail. Mr. Mason, who was a man of singular courage, determined to unlock and examine the room; he did so, and found all quiet, nothing moved or disturbed, but every few nights the same disturbance occurred, the riot in the school room, or the tumbling down stairs. In the mean time he inquired the character of the house in the neighborhood, and was informed that the former owner, the old lady who kept the school, was missing one morning, and this fact, the house being fastened, excited some interest, as she lived alone, and the parents of some of the scholars, finding it

locked on the inside, burst the door, and found the old lady lying at the foot of the stairs, terribly bruised. The jury, supposing she had fallen down accidentally, gave a verdict accordingly, when the above incidents occurred, and no suspicion would have been raised as to the cause of her death, except the circumstance that no money was found on the premises, although it was known she had some, and was in the habit of hoarding it. Mr. Mason had no doubt in his mind that the poor woman came to her death by unfair means, and that she was thrown down the stairs to conceal the bruises which she probably received. However that might be, the family left the house immediately after the term had expired for which it was taken, having suffered much from being broken of their rest, and the constant nervous excitement produced by these repeated alarms.

C. R. W.

### THE CASE OF PROF. MILLER.

AUBURN, Friday, May 6, 1853.

To the Editor of the New-York Tribune:

SIR: In your *Semi-Weekly* of May 3, you give an extract from the lectures of J. Tiffany, of Ohio, in which the lecturer refers to the investigations of Prof. Miller, of Homer, Cortland County, New-York.

Mr. Tiffany labors under a little mistake with regard to the *locus in quo*, and has not given the matter its full force, which I beg leave to correct and supply. The investigation came off at Syracuse. Mrs. Sarah Tamlin, who was an excellent medium for sounds for some two years, residing at Auburn, after her *accouchment* ceased to have the sounds; but they attended and followed her infant; the family removed to Syracuse, Onondaga County, New-York, some three years since; Prof. Miller being in Syracuse, learned that Mrs. Tamlin resided there, and supposing she was still a medium for the sounds, made her a call and requested an opportunity to investigate Mrs. T. informed him that she had ceased to be a medium, but that her infant, then six months old was a medium.

The Professor sat by the cradle of the sleeping innocent, while her mother was in a distant part of the house, engaged at her domestic duties, and without any one present to produce psychological effects but himself, obtained an interview with the spirit of the celebrated La Place, and thus solved several mathematical problems, which he had never been able to obtain before, by hours of incessant labor. Of this matter we can produce affidavits.

Mrs. Tamlin continued to be clairvoyant, but without the sounds, for about a year, when she was deeply magnetized and subsequently the sounds returned again. The child was remarkably healthy and fleshy, and still continues so, as I learn by letter from Wisconsin, to which State the family have removed.

If Professor Miller obtained a solution by psychology, he must have accomplished that by psychology which his own intellect did not supply. If it was electricity it made a very intelligent display on an infant.

Yours, with the highest respect, S. B. TUCKER.

### INSTINCT OF BEES.

"I was visited," says Stedman, "by a neighboring gentleman, whom I conducted up my ladder; but he had no sooner entered my aerial dwelling, than he leaped down from the top to the ground, roaring like a madman, after which he instantly plunged

his head into the river. But looking up, I seen discovered the cause of his distress to be an enormous nest of wild bees, or *wassee-wassee*, in the thatch, directly above my head as I stood within my door; when I immediately took to my heels as he had done, and ordered them to be demolished by my slaves without delay. A tar mop was now brought, and the devastation just going to commence, when an old negro stepped up and offered to receive any punishment I should decree, if ever one of these bees should sting *me in person*. 'Massa,' said he, 'they would have stung you long ere now, had you been a stranger to them; but they being your tenants, that is, gradually allowed to build upon your premises, they assuredly know both you and yours, and will never hurt either you or them.' I instantly assented to the proposition, and, tying the old black man to a tree, ordered my boy Quako to ascend the ladder quite naked, which he did and was not stung; I then ventured to follow, and I declare upon my honor, that even after shaking the nest, which made its inhabitants buzz about my ears, not a single bee attempted to sting me. I next released the old negro, and rewarded him with a gallon of rum and five shillings for the discovery. This swarm of bees I have since kept unhurt, as my body guard, and they have made many overseers take a desperate leap for my amusement, as I generally sent them up my ladder upon some frivolous message, when I wished to punish them for injustice and cruelty which was not seldom.

"The same negro assured me that on his master's estate was an ancient tree, in which has been lodged ever since he could remember, a society of birds and another of bees, who lived in the greatest harmony together; but should any strange bird come to disturb or feed upon the bees, they were instantly repulsed by their feathered allies, and if strange bees dared to venture near the birds' nests, the native swarm attacked the invaders. His master and family had so much respect for the above association, that the tree was considered as sacred, and was not to be touched by an ax until it should yield to all destroying time."

### Singular Phenomenon.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune*, writing from Dundas, (C. W.), informs us of a singular obstacle to the progress of the work on the Great Western Railroad. The following is his account:

"At Capetown, five miles from here, as they were digging through a swamp, they came across a stream of quicksand, and another substance so fine that you can not feel the least grit to it, and on putting your hands in it, they become, as it were, greased. The stream is of a pale lilac, and so fine is this substance, which colors the water, that it will not settle to the bottom of the stream as it flows along toward the lake. The result of all this is yet to be seen. As this substance runs out from below, the top of the ground falls in. The track they had laid for drawing the dirt-cars on, has in many places fallen in, leaving the end of the rails sticking out in some places, while in others they have been swallowed in toto. It is a curiosity to behold the springs at the source of this singular fluid. It boils up like a pot over a fire, depositing the heavier particles around the mouth of the crater, until it assumes the shape of a mound, the top of which is flat, and in boiling motion. In the center of these mounds or springs you can feel for the bottom in vain with sticks of ten or twelve feet, and I am not prepared to say that it is not the bottomless pit. In many places are to be observed sands of various colors boiling up in the center and returning by an exterior course to where they came from, to be again brought to the surface through the center. The sand being of different colors makes the cone seem continually striped, and ever changing—making a beautiful appearance.



EDITED BY A COMMITTEE.

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THE design of this paper as a medium for the circulation of free thought, will absolve its editors from any responsibility with regard to the opinions of individual contributors.

New-York, June 11, 1853.

SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

THERE seems to be a common opinion prevalent in the world, that the spiritual element of the human being, so far from having been progressive, has really been going backward, either steadily or interruptedly, ever since God talked with Adam in the Garden of Eden. With the present effort we shall attempt to show that such an opinion has sprung rather from a misapprehension of the true nature of spirit, or the spiritual, than from any special truth which could rationally be accepted as the ground of such a faith.

Going back once more to the earliest patriarchal times, we see that while man was in a state of comparative savagism, this idea, as well as all others, must have been exceedingly crude—and in fact more so than others, because the spiritual faculties are the highest—the crowing glory and chief distinction in the character of Humanity, and therefore are last in the order of development.

The infancy of a Race corresponds, in all essential points, with the same period in the life of an Individual. Everything with which the mind first comes in contact is new, strange, wonderful, mysterious, and at the same time there is no anterior experience to solve and explain the mysteries, or the difficulties.

In the life of the Race, as of the Individual, are exhibited the imbecile condition of infancy, the happy and careless state of childhood, the wayward and impulsive tendencies of youth, the strength, ardor, and willfulness of manhood, and the mel-  
lowed and harmonious character of maturity. But the parallel goes no further. In the history of the Race there is no second childhood—no decay. As natural development is spontaneous, so the more excitable faculties of the mind must necessarily first protrude themselves. Hence the imagination, which is essentially an impulsive element, becomes developed long before the mind is capable of those exercises of analysis and synthesis—of thought and reflection—which are the inhe-

rent attributes of reason. Now as the imagination is a faculty whose deductions are not, by any means, always drawn from truth, but, on the contrary, present a kind of spectra—images of truth it may be—to the appearance of which *darkness* is favorable, it follows that its unbalanced exercise, especially in regard to things in themselves naturally mysterious, would, almost necessarily, often lead to error. And in such a rudimental state the imagination itself, wild and daring as it is, wants a true capacity and power, because it has no proper model from which to form its ideal of Greatness, Goodness, or Divinity.

The mind in its undeveloped stages being wholly unable to reason *a priori*, from cause to effect, necessarily adopts the reverse order, and seeks the cause through the sequence of effects. The myths of a people in the infant stages of civilization, are a kind of poetic transcript of their own life; and their deities are idealized representations of their own character. This is shown to be truth by numerous facts. Warlike nations, in whose minds warlike fame and conquest are the highest springs of action, always have deified heroes for their gods. Sanguinary nations, or they who delight in blood for its own sake, have rapacious and brutal gods; while with a voluptuous people, the favorite worship will be some deification of the softer passions. The savage Goths had their Thor and Odin to whose highest favor and distinction in the halls of Valhalla, death on the battle-field—without any regard to the previous life—was an immediate introduction. The cold and abstract Egyptians worshipped the moon, the ardent and fiery Persians the sun; and the Greeks, who combined in their character the heroic with the intellectual and sensuous, had representations of all in their Jove, Minerva and Venus, with a host of subordinate deities who symbolized minor sentiments and passions.

The God of the Hebrews was, like those of other nations, a reflex of their own character; nor was their theological idea, except in the single feature of unity, greatly in advance of the corresponding sentiment among the heathen. It was, in fact, a heathenish idea—that is to say it was an outgrowth of the spiritual principle in a barbarous people. The Jews were, in their national character, hard, severe, and cruel; and yet they believed themselves the chosen people of the world—the favorite children of Jehovah; and their God partook of the same character. He appeared with manifestations of terror; his laws were in the highest degree cruel and severe; he was worshipped with rites of blood; and in character he was a compound of selfishness, cruelty, and unmixed egotism. The very manner in which he sets forth his supremacy, and demands universal worship, as represented in the Decalogue, suggests an idea that is repulsive and abhorrent to an enlightened and delicate mind. But these thoughts, crude and gross as they appear, were yet exactly adapted to the wants of the people who adopted them, because they were the outgrowth of their own spiritual necessities and developments.

The world in its several parts, and as a whole, has always had as much light as it could comprehend—as much pure spiritual aliment as it could digest and appropriate. In view of these facts, we say that because the whole character of men in the early ages was essentially gross, their spiritual ideas must also have been rudimental and fragmentary. A bitter fountain cannot send forth sweet waters. An opaque body cannot diffuse light. It is true that God is represented in the Old Testament scriptures as often conversing familiarly with men, and



once, at least, as holding a very free and companionable kind of *tete-a-tete* with Satan. But those phrases "The Lord spake," "The Lord hath spoken," "Thus saith the Lord," and many others of the kind which so frequently appear, should be remembered as the words of an oriental people, where all language is highly figurative, and that of excitement, passion, or poetry, is particularly so. Doubtless the gifted seers who uttered these mythic sentences, spoke under the strong excitement of inspiration. They might have intended merely to say; "We are so impressed," "We are made so to believe;" but the probability is that they really thought that God had actually thus spoken: and this might have been necessary in order to move them to the desired end. They might not have been able to comprehend an idea that was more spiritual, though of less imposing exterior attributes. Yet be this as it may, it cannot invalidate our position, that the world has been advancing spiritually, with precisely the same order, and under the same laws, by which it has advanced, physically, mentally and morally.

Let us then, for the sake of the argument, grant at once, that all these wonderful events which are recorded in the Jewish and Christian scriptures, were literally true, and also that such things have entirely ceased to transpire at the present day. Would that prove that there is less spiritual power—less spiritual light in the world now than during any of these apparently more favored periods? Does it prove that there is not even a higher degree of spiritual development now, than at any former period? Not in the least.

In the first place, we are applying the question to the world at large—to masses, and not to individuals. Let it be remembered, then, that the media—patriarchs, prophets, philosophers or apostles, by whom, or rather through whom, these mighty deeds were wrought, and the wills of higher spirits were made known, were not of the people, and did not belong to the same class; therefore, they did not represent the intellectual, moral, or spiritual condition of the populace in the several eras. Witness the achievements of the Israelites while Moses was receiving the laws on Mount Sinai, the martyrdom of Socrates, and the reception and treatment of prophets and apostles in various ages. These go to show that certain individuals were, for determined purposes, made the absorbents of spiritual and intellectual power, in their age, and among their own people; and thus prepared, they naturally came out from the masses for the purpose of controlling, enlightening, and subsequently bringing them to the same point of development. And amid all discouragements, all apparent failures and retrogression, these processes have been going on, age after age, for thousands of years; and what has been the result? The gradual civilization, enlightening and refinement of the people among all advanced nations. And whatever does this must advance spirituality. Yet this, beyond a question, has been done. The grossness and materiality of the masses have been constantly giving way, and they have been steadily advancing to higher and truer conditions universally. In the Material they have a finer sense of beauty and sublimity; in the Intellectual they have a higher conception of natural truth, and a profounder and more suggestive philosophy; in the Moral they have a better idea of right, and the obligations of natural justice; and in the Spiritual they have the essence and ultimate of all these—in the sublimation of all physical beauty as a nutriment of the soul, in the great cardinal idea of eternal progression in knowledge and truth; and in a God whose

infinitude of Beauty, and Goodness, and Wisdom, and Justice, and Love, crowns the highest conception of the soul with an Omniscience so beautiful, a majesty so attractive, that we must press onward forever toward this great center of all conceivable, or inconceivable beauty, wisdom, harmony and love. And this is true—It is true, and unmistakable as the unclouded presence of the midday sun, that such an idea has for ages been developing, and is now unfolding rapidly to the light. If any one doubt this, let him go into the closet of his neighbor, and there sit with him in the serene silence, when worldly cares are cast aside, until the mind and heart recover something of their true sense of vision, and then ask him if he has not a conception of something like this. And if he is tolerably well developed for the times, and has anything of truth in his mind, he could at least tell of some such foreshadowings in his own experience. Nay, you may take men as you find them, in their shops and offices, by the corners of the streets, in churches and in bar-rooms; and you of the old philosophy would be astonished at the details you would have—of the yearning of the soul after substantial aliment—of the rejection of absurd, and gross, and degrading ideas of spirit and of God—and of a determination to break down all barriers, though they should loose the tether of highest sacerdotal power by which they and their fathers may have been bound for ages! These processes are going on in court and camp, in the cottage and the palace, by the fireside, and in the busy scenes of life. The masses are moving out, and up into the light. They have begun to understand the rights and true condition of Humanity. They have begun to comprehend God.

The old Theologians are doing what they can, to save themselves and Mother-Church. They can be saved by cutting themselves off from the dead body, which no galvanic power will much longer invest, even with the appearance of life. Corruption must go to decay; and life must reject death. When the world begins to question, change is at hand. The cry will not be much longer, to those who stand upon mouldering towers; "Watchman tell us of the night!" but it shall ascend to those who stand upon the everlasting hills, clothed with light as with a garment; "Tell us of the new morning!" "Tell us of the risen Day."

What, then, if certain individuals of previous times did exhibit their various manifestations of a great and wonderful power? What, indeed, unless the world was inoculated with that power, and the spiritual element became thus widely diffused? What, unless in those facts were engrafted principles of universal force and application; and such has been the case. Facts are isolated and temporary; Principles are infinite and eternal.

#### PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

On the 22d day of the last month, a yearly meeting of the Progressive Friends, in Pennsylvania, convened, at Old Kennett, Chester County; on which occasion, the spirit of a true progress from the old systems and practices of Churchdom, was potently manifested. These yearly meetings were established by a reformatory portion of the Hicksite branch of Friends; but are not confined to any sect, party or denomination. In the *N. Y. Tribune*—from which we derive this information—is published an exposition of the sentiments which were entertained by this Convention; and which, the writer of this thinks, are characterized by a decided, temperate and just improvement upon the Orthodox churches of the day, while they

have but little affinity with the extreme views of those who, in opposing the Church, deny the existence of any religious obligations upon man, or the benefit to be derived from associated effort toward true piety of life and the practice of morality.

These Progressive Friends are justly and heartily opposed to the ruling power in churches—priestcraft; and announce in their address a clear conviction, "that churches, however high their pretensions of authority derived from God, are only human organizations, and the repositories of only such powers as may have been rightfully conferred upon them by the individuals of whom they are composed, or derived from the laws of our social nature." This breathes an atmosphere of religious freedom, wholly unknown by Orthodoxy, but which is nevertheless essential to the healthy unfolding of man's spiritual nature. When this principle is once fully recognized and adopted, one great barrier to continual progress in the line of truth will be removed; and reverends and divines will be completely divested of the assumed infallibility which is the foundation of all spiritual despotism; and in the language of the addresses, when man is "once fairly convinced that ecclesiastical bodies, however sacred their professions, however worthy of esteem within their legitimate sphere, are yet only *human*, and without authority to bind the conscience even of the humblest of God's children, he will no longer dare to offer such a sacrifice—to dishonor his Creator by debasing his own exalted powers." The address further adds: "It would be easy to show that this claim of supernatural power, on the part of the organized Church, is at war with the whole genius and spirit of Christianity, as exhibited in the life and teachings of Jesus, and without warrant in the writings of the Apostles and primitive Christians, as well as subversive of individual rights and responsibilities."

The ostensible holiness and infallibility of the Church as a body—which has been busy in the suppression of all but officially prescribed principles, and of denying its members the right to aid in those philanthropic movements, which have not the evangelical seal—is thus truthfully spoken of: "This claim of organic communion with God, lies at the root of many evils in the Churches around us; and hence we desire to make our denial of its validity as emphatic as possible. We would impress upon the minds of all whom our voice may reach, the truth, that there is no mysterious alchemy, whereby a company of men, mean and selfish as individuals, are transmuted into a holy body; no divine afflatus vouchsafed to them in the mass, superseding the necessity of personal conformity to the will of God. Such a claim is the acmé of superstition and imposture. It is amazing that it should, for so long a period have deceived and befooled the nations."

The spirit of sectarianism is denied a place in their principles; and is thus referred to by them: "It has led the Church into dissensions, hypocrisy and all uncharitableness; and instead of promoting a manly, vigorous and healthful piety, which ever manifests itself in works of practical benevolence and would make her a burning and shining light in the presence of surrounding darkness, it narrows the scope of her vision, dwarfs the intellect, smothers the heart, and makes her the purveyor of traditions and shams, a covert for meanness and treachery, and a hiding-place for the perpetrators and apologists of popular wickedness. . . . It is no wonder that politicians, bent upon schemes of selfish aggrandizement, mock at the Higher Law, and declare their own oppressive statutes a finality, when the Church is found thus corrupt and apostate. No marvel

that insatiate Wealth tramples upon lowly Poverty; that War's 'red thunders' reverberate around the world; that Drunkenness counts its victims by tens of thousands; that Land-monopoly grinds Humanity in the dust; that Lust is doing his work of defilement and shame with impunity; that immortal beings are driven to their daily toil under the lash, and even sold in the shambles, when the Church proffers absolution for such crimes upon terms so easy of fulfillment."

"But," says the address, "while we thus earnestly deny the claims of religious associations to divine authority, and maintain that they form no exception to the rule, that 'institutions are made for man, not man for institutions,' and while we would fearlessly expose all that is wrong in existing Churches, we do not therefore repudiate such associations as necessarily evil. Founded upon right principles; adjusted to the wants of our social nature; within their legitimate sphere as the servants and helpers—not the masters—of the soul; as a means, and not an end; we esteem them of great importance. It is only when they interpose between our consciences and God, assuming to tell us authoritatively how much and what we must believe, and virtually trampling under foot the right of private judgment—that our manhood prompts us to reject them."

In forming the "Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends," they claim to have followed the instincts of their social and moral nature, and to have acted upon the settled conviction that such an organization was necessary to their highest efficiency in the work of human elevation. And they invite coöperation upon the following basis:

"Our terms of membership are at once simple, practical, and catholic. If we may be said to have a test, it is one which applies to the heart and life, not to the head nor any of its speculations. Our platform is broad as Humanity, and comprehensive as Truth. We interrogate no man as to his theological belief; we send no committees to pry into the motives of those who may desire to share the benefits of our Association; but open the door to all who recognize the equal brotherhood of the human family, without regard to sex, color, or condition, and who acknowledge the duty of defining and illustrating their faith in God, not by assent to a creed, but by lives of personal purity, and works of beneficence and charity to mankind. If, by any possibility, there should be found here and there a sincere inquirer after truth, who may not feel himself included in this invitation to membership, we shall still bid him welcome to our assemblies, and listen with patience to whatever his highest convictions may prompt him to offer. We do not seek to bind our Association together by external bands, nor by agreement in theological opinions. Identity of object, oneness of spirit in respect to the practical duties of life, the communion of soul with soul in a common love of the beautiful and true, and a common aspiration after moral excellence—these are our bonds of union; and when these shall die out in our hearts, nothing will remain to hold us together; and those who shall come after us will not be subjected to the trouble of tearing down a great ecclesiastical edifice constructed by our hands, before they can make provision for the supply of their own religious wants. . . . The term '*Progressive*' is intended as a recognition of the fact, that our knowledge of truth is limited, and as an indication of an honest purpose on our part to 'go on unto perfection,' and to avail ourselves from time to time of whatever new light may be shed upon our path."

We have stated so much of the deliberations of this meeting, not only to journalize this important movement in the cause of Progress, but to present to the minds of our readers that spirit of rational improvement on the insufficient and obstructive Church-doctrines of the past, which does not ignore the existence of progressive religious principles for the present; which recognizes the importance, not of speculative creeds, but of

deeds of practical benevolence to the human family ; which requires, in addition to the profession of beautiful and attractive sentiments, an exemplification of them in every-day life ; and which does not deify self, but reverences God, and stretches forth its hand to heal the wounds of oppressed and unhappy humanity.

I. S. H.

### MOMENTS AT MOUNTAIN COVE.

#### RESULTS OF FANATICISM.

THE most of our readers are undoubtedly aware that there is a company of spiritualists, now residing at Mountain Cove, Va., whose claims of spiritual intercourse are of a somewhat different nature from those usually put forth by believers in other parts of the country.

This movement grew out of a large circle of spiritualists at Auburn, N. Y., nearly two years since ; but the pretensions on the part of the prime movers, became to be of a far more imposing nature than they were in Auburn, soon after their location at Mountain Cove. It is claimed that they were directed to the place which they now occupy by God, in fulfillment of certain prophecies in Isaiah, for the purpose of redeeming all who would coöperate with them and be dictated by their counsel ; and the place which they occupy is denominated "the holy mountain," which was "sanctified and set apart for the redemption of His people."

The principle mediums, James L. Scott and Thomas L. Harris, profess absolute divine inspiration and entire infallibility—that the infinite God communicates with them directly, without intermediate agency, and that by Him they are preserved from the possibility of error in any of their dictations which claim a spiritual origin.

By virtue of these assumptions, and claiming to be the words of God, all the principles and rules of practice—whether of a spiritual or temporal nature—which govern the believers in that place, are dictated by the individuals above mentioned. Among the communications thus received—which are usually in the form of arbitrary decrees—are requirements which positively forbid those who have once formed a belief in the divinity of the movement, the privilege of criticising, or in any degree reasoning upon, the orders and communications uttered ; or, in other words, the disciples are forbid the privilege of having any reason or conscience at all, except that which is prescribed to them by this oracle. The most unlimited demands of the controlling intelligence, must be acceded to by its followers, or they will be thrust without the pale of the claimed divine influence, and utter and irretrievable ruin is announced as the penalty.

In keeping with such pretensions, these "Matthiases" have claimed for God, his own property ; and hence men are required to yield up their stewardships—that is, relinquish their temporal possessions to the Almighty. And in pursuance of this, there has been a large quantity of land in that vicinity, deeded, without reserve, by conscientious believers to the human vicegerents of God, above named, with the *understanding* that such conveyance is virtually made to the Deity !

As would inevitably be the case, this mode of operations has awakened in the minds of the more reasoning and reflective members, distrust and unbelief, which has caused some, with great pecuniary loss, to withdraw from the community, and with others, who remain, has ripened into disaffection and violent opposition ; and the present condition of the "holy

mountain" is any thing but that of divine harmony. Discord, slander, and vindictiveness, is the order of proceedings, in which one or both of the professedly inspired media take an active part ; and the prospect now is, that the claims of divine authority in the temporal matters of "the mountain," will soon be tested, and the ruling power conceded to be absolute, or else completely dethroned.

I. S. H.

### Polite Literature.

Original.

#### THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS ;

#### A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THEODOSIA'S DEFENSE.

THEODOSIA did not faint, as she had seemed about to do. She did not even weep, or appear to shrink from her fate. The consciousness of innocence, and the conviction that some deadly plot was working against her, invested her with the strength and courage of a martyr.

"Stand away a moment ;" she said, addressing the officer, "and let me speak to these young ladies."

Lifting her beautiful head, with the majesty of a dethroned, but still conscious queen, she said, "I have now been with you several months. When I first came here I found myself an object of suspicion. I have long been astonished, and pained by it ; but now I perceive how it originated."

"Take her away !" interrupted Madame Montresse, turning to the policeman.

"Ah ! Madame, right is right !" he responded, with a look of pity which suggested an unfitness for his profession—"It is bad enough, at best ; and let the young thing have her say."

Thus supported, Theodosia went on : "As I have never been permitted to speak to you before, nor you to me, I wish to tell you something to remember when I am gone. I am an orphan. My father left me the heiress to a princely fortune ; and having no friend about him, to whom he could confide me, I was placed under the guardianship of an Uncle whom I had never seen—an Uncle who lived in a land of mist and fog—far, far away from my own beautiful Brazilian home ! But instead of protecting, he has subjected me to the most cruel treatment. He has torn me from my country, my home, and my friends. He has deprived me of every comfort to which I had been accustomed ; and last, and worst of all, he has entered into a plot with that woman to disgrace, and remove me. They have nearly made me the victim of their injurious treatment ; and now they are depriving me of my good name."

"Do not offer a reply ;" she said, as Madame was about to speak, though she seemed to recoil at every word of this wholly unexpected harangue. "You know that what I say is true ; and in the presence of all these witnesses, I impeach you with a design to ruin me. You have been hired by money to do this wrong ; or else you must love wickedness for its own sake. I doubt not, when I am put aside, you expect to share my fortune with my uncle ; and all I have to say, is, may he deal more generously by you, than he has by me."

Madame Montresse seemed to quiver with passion ; but she was pale and powerless, making no attempt to vindicate herself, as if, up to that moment, she had been unconscious of her own guilt, and had then just discovered it.

"Young ladies," continued Theodosia, "this is probably the last time that I shall ever address, or look on you. I speak, then, with the Judgment-seat for all of us, in full view. I learn that they are going to take me to St. Michael's, whence so few, who have once entered, ever emerge. When their wicked work is accomplished, will you not sometimes recall this last scene to your minds, and think



kindly of me? Then remember that I died a victim to a wicked man, and a more wicked woman."

"But no;" she added quickly, as if some comforting Spirit had prompted her, "I shall not die! Do not think it, Madame!" she continued, turning to the *Gouvernante*, "I shall live to triumph over those who are now trying to ruin me! I know not what destiny awaits me. But I fear nothing. I can not find worse than I have found here." Then turning to the officer, she said, "I am ready."

Every heart of every hearer was not only touched, but electrified. Who could believe that it was the timid, the gentle, the meek, the all-suffering Theodosia, who was speaking thus, and under such circumstances! Could it be, indeed, she, whose whole life had been so void of offense, that every word, gesture, and look, had seemed to implore mercy? There was but one common sentiment, that of her entire innocence, which every word—every look—since she had begun to speak, seemed to establish, "with confirmation strong, as proof from Holy Writ." Now, unawed by their preceptress, they gathered round her, entreating her forgiveness, with tears, for their unwitting, unjust suspicions. She spoke kindly to them, but in few words, lest she should be moved too much, and her strength should forsake her in a time when she so much needed it.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—THE TRUE FRIEND.

At that moment Mademoiselle Jeannette came pressing through the circle that still surrounded her, saying: "You shall not go alone, dear Theodosia! The life your kindness has preserved shall now be devoted to you. Wherever you go, I will go; and whatever fortune awaits you, I will share. I will watch over you, and, as far as possible, protect you. I will work for you, beg for you, do anything for you, if you will only take me. I will be your friend, your servant—any thing you will—if I may only serve you. But in this house of wickedness I will stay no longer, if I starve."

Up to this time Theodosia had looked as if her stern and severe eyes had never known a tear, or her proud heart an emotion of softness. But she was melted at once by this unexpected generosity and devotion, and throwing herself into the arms of Jeannette, she wept almost hysterically, while her sobs found an echo in every young heart, that was now throbbing so ardently with prayers for her safety, or swelling so indignantly with the wrongs they intuitively felt she must have suffered, and was about to suffer.

"Ah! I know she is innocent, and good!—and Madame Montresse is wicked, and cruel!" and "I will beg to be taken immediately home!" echoed and re-echoed round the room.

"And this is finishing, indeed!" exclaimed a lively chit, smiling through her tears at her own conceit, as she looked at Theodosia. "Ah! who will stay to be finished, now?"

Those who came near enough to address the central figure, were kissing and embracing her, and tearing each some little souvenir from her person, crying all at once; "Keep this, dear Theodosia, and think how I would have loved you, if that wicked Madame had permitted!"—and again: "Take this!" "Take this!" resounded from all parts of the room—and rings, brooches, ribbons, gloves, whatever could be conveniently taken hold of, were showered upon the victim, who, in her sacrifice certainly enjoyed a triumph. As Jeannette hastily gathered up these offerings, Theodosia tried to speak; but not without considerable effort could she say, "Thank you! Bless you, dear friends! What a blessing it would have been to know you before! But may we all meet, where falsehood, and wrong, and lying witnesses can not enter."

It was a beautiful sight to see all those bright and sorrowless young creatures sink on their knees, with Theodosia in their midst, as the prayer was breathed, lifting their clasped hands, and streaming eyes, toward Heaven, and, in the intensity of their emotion, praying silently. It was one of those scenes which the highest effort of art would in any wise fail to delineate.

"Adieu! and pray, now, let me go!" said Theodosia, rising; but still they clung to her—still they prayed for her forgiveness and blessing—still they closed the passage against her departure. It was in vain that the *Gouvernante* strove to rally herself, and call her refract-

ory pupils to order. There was a perfect riot among all those indignant young creatures.

One of them, just as Theodosia had once more extricated herself from the clinging group, sprang forward, whispering in her ear, "Papa is an artist. He knows Jozef and his uncle. He will tell them—" She was broken off here abruptly by a movement of the officer, who appeared bewildered.

Madame Montresse could just find voice to say, "Heed not this riot. You know your duty. Do it."

Alas for the law! and alas for the many who are its ministers! that they should have power to recognize nothing but the letter; and so Theodosia was conveyed to prison; for the Convent of St. Michael was nothing else.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—ST. MICHAEL'S.

STRONGLY as she had fortified herself against her fate, when she first came within the dark shadow of those black walls, where so many lives were mouldering away in hopeless captivity, a chill struck to her heart, and the darkness penetrated her soul. St. Michael's is a frowning pile of stone in the form of a hollow square, inclosing a garden, to which there is no access except through the building.

As the bell, which had been rung for their admission, sounded through the deep passages, like a voice from the sepulcher, Theodosia grasped the hand of Jeannette so hard, that the blood seemed starting from the finger nails; and when an old, meager, and cowed visage, appeared at the grate and demanded their business, the officer in a few words explained the matter, at the same time introducing Jeannette in a whisper. Whatever might have been said, the communication had the effect to exalt Mademoiselle vastly in the eyes of the attendant. The officer, also, at the instigation of Jeannette, and because he had entered deeply into the sentiment and spirit of the scene, provided that the two ladies should be placed in cells, at least not far asunder. O, what an inestimable blessing was this to Theodosia, when, young and timid as she was, she was taken from the officer, who had come to be a friend, and led away through miles, it seemed in the anguish she endured, of those dark, damp, cold, silent, and sepulchral passages, where the glad light and the free breath of Heaven never came; but only some poor creatures, whose wickedness degraded the human form, or their hardly more unfortunate victims, were permitted to breathe.

Nay; were not these, who were thus made the ministers of cruelty, themselves the victims of a deeper, and deadlier wrong—the wrong that lies behind all others—by which society punishes poverty, and other misfortunes of birth and position, as the most arrant crimes. Believe not that any person who could, have the right set pleasingly or properly before him, would ever voluntarily choose the wrong. Human nature is vastly too good for a momentary leaning to such a faith. Remember that sin is, always, either directly or indirectly, the effect of compulsion, and *never voluntary*—and pity, and love, and carefully investigate, before you condemn the sinner.

At last they came to their respective cells; and joyful to utter! they were contiguous!

"O, there is mercy, even yet!" sobbed Theodosia, crushing down the utterance into a heart-swell. "I have still my friend!"

Their attendant, who seemed one of the ugliest of the sisterhood, unless they were all hideous, had an eye so cold and hard, it seemed to have grown stony by looking upon the stones of all those bare walls. There was no furniture in the cells, except the narrow and ill-furnished couch of straw, and a crucifix fashioned of the same dark, rough stone. A small altar stood before the crucifix, on which was set a taper, which might possibly burn a half hour; and this the attendant lighted. For the first time she then spoke, to set the prisoner's evening lesson of devotions; and her voice was gruff as the grating of the rusty hinges, to which it had probably adapted itself. Or possibly there might have been a rivalry between them, till the gruff voice at length outgruffed the rusty iron.

The relief was inexpressible when she withdrew. But the two friends did not dare approach each other, or speak, until the prayers had been duly finished; for they both felt that there was not a single

one of all those bare stones, that seemed to look on them with evil eyes, but might, and would, tell tales.

To Theodosia this set formalism of prayer, given as a task, was extremely irksome; for she had prayed, as a bird sings, from an inspiration of outgushing love. But when at length the prayers were done, and the tapers nearly exhausted, the two girls crept softly together; and sitting on the side of Theodosia's couch, they drew the thin covering around them; and with their arms clinging round each other, hand clasped in hand, and cheek resting against cheek, they sat together the long night, having only separated a few moments when the bell rang for matins.

When Theodosia attempted to rise to obey the summons, she felt extremely ill; but making all possible effort, she went through the morning service very tolerably. Soon after her return, she was summoned into the presence of the Abbess; and the new course of her life was marked out for her in such strong lines, that she strove to close her eyes against them. She had, indeed, become nearly unconscious; and in attempting to regain her cell, she almost fainted away. A basin of a kind of soup, the most meager possible, which had been sent in for her breakfast, was the only restorative offered. Jeannette had given her a few spoonfuls of this, while she was partially insensible; but as soon as she was restored to full consciousness, although nearly famished, the very sight and odor of the dish were disgusting; and she could eat no more.

Theodosia was neither an epicure, nor a gourmande, but she had been accustomed all her life to the most dainty and delicate fare, and to have her appetite consulted in regard to whatever she should partake of; nor had there been a very marked change in this respect, even amid all other restrictions, at the establishment of Madame Montresse. For the first time in her life, either the quality or quantity of her food became a subject of restriction—for the first time, in short, was she to be compelled by hunger, to eat what was unpleasant to her. She could not yet comprehend, and believe this; and the bowl of soup was sent away, untasted—contrary to the advice of Jeannette, who told her that she had been informed by one of the boarders, or rather prisoners, that the only change from that soup, would be a bit of stale, dry, and perhaps moldy bread; and also that any disrespect which might be shown to it, would, very probably, be visited with the sorest, the most humiliating penance.

"Let it come;" said Theodosia, clasping her aching head with both hands; "it will not take a great deal more."

Jeannette sank down on her knees, intermediately with her smothered tears sobbing prayers for her afflicted friend. The sight reassured Theodosia, and brought her back to herself.

"Ah, my poor Jeannette!" she said, "I must give you a better example—I must still continue to live in the light and strength which as yet have never forsaken me. I believe"—she continued, as she raised Jeannette from the ground, and tenderly embraced her, "I know that I shall triumph. I can not tell from whence I draw this impression—this conviction—but it is so strong, that should I swallow poison, I could not think it would harm me. It is a sentiment that is written in characters of light on the black walls that imprison me—it is a germ of never-dying hope, planted deep in the soul, nourished by the deeper spring of faith in Right—faith in God—faith in myself—whose clear depths, amid all my anguish, have never yet been troubled! And sometimes I feel myself growing so strong, that the warfare gives me absolute pleasure; and then I almost hope myself worthy to share the crown of thorns which the Holy Jesus wore, and my triumph and joy are unspeakable. Yet I sometimes yield to a momentary despondency, as I did just now. Should I do so again, pray remind me of what I am now telling you; and I shall be strong again."

Theodosia, in the excitement of her feelings, had raised her voice from the very low tone in which she began to speak; and as she did so Jeannette interrupted her: "Pray be quiet," said she, "and speak lower. Remember we must appear to be perfect strangers to each other, or we shall be separated."

(To be continued.)

## HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

### JUBAL.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

Not far from the habitation of Lamech was a grotto, in which there was a wonderful reverberation of sound. At the western extremity it stretched out to the sea, being elevated a little distance above the shore, and sloping down into a sheltering nook, filled with luxuriant marine herbage; while on the eastern side, it opened on a bold spur of the Syrian mountains, clothed with a luxuriant growth of wood, and enlivened by the fall of a lovely little cataract. The passage from the sea on one hand, to the forest on the other, was not in the direction of a straight line, but of spiral structure, full of tortuous windings, which not only heightened the picturesque effect, but multiplied, almost to infinity, the voices of Echo. It seemed, indeed, that the grotto was one great musical instrument; while Earth and Sea were the minstrels, performing ever their harmonious duet, filled with the sweetest and the sublimest syphonies. The Soul of Sound seemed here to have chosen her habitation; and all voices became softened and spiritualized, on entering the grotto. This also was the favorite retreat of Jubal.

In a little nook, occupying nearly the middle point, the youth would lie, for hours, stretched on a couch of soft and tender lichens, absorbing, rather than listening to the harmonious that breathed around him. And thus he grew, so nourished and strengthened by music, that every muscle and fiber of his physical frame, thrilled to the divine harmonies of Nature, like the chords of an æolian lyre to the Spirit of the wind. But the melodies which were thus accumulating in his soul had not yet obtained utterance, until at length their intensity had almost annihilated life; and the time had come when he must find expression, or die.

It was wonderful to see how all ideas were monopolized by this master passion. All expressions of form and color, were to him visible representations of sound, or of the spirit of sound, which is harmony; and these melodies were ranked, and classed according to their character. Flowers were but more exquisite responses to the choral song of birds. Cliffs, haggard with the conflict of discordant elements, became sorrowful, as with the melody of cataracts and storms. Mountains, whose blue summits stretched above the clouds, in the grandeur and sublimity of their outline, responded to the deep, solemn, far-off anthem of the sea. The stars, which came thrilling through the depths of midnight, diffused, in every beam, the infinite melody which ear hath never heard, and which overwhelms the soul to conceive. The very sands of the desert, as they lay glistening in the sun, were inspired with that vocal depth of silence, which, when the spirit is properly attuned, is the most intense harmony.

Sometimes he would throw himself down in some green nook of the shore, and listen to the caressing wind; and then to the wind itself, as it hastened away, touching the young ozers with its tuneful breath, whispering to the reeds, or trilling over the rough margin of the sedges; until his soul gave back note for note, and thrill for thrill—its ideal becoming ever more refined and spiritual. When the stems of the aspen quivered in the gentle breeze, their soft murmur filled him with indescribable emotions. After a storm had been, and while the rolling billows yet sang their song of triumph, he would recline on some bold promontory, and with head bowed down, and arms folded on his breast, he gazed over the abyss, until its infinitude of sight and sound was repeated in his own soul; which, expanding, and surrounding, the great melody, took its spirit captive, and brought it home to his own bosom.

Sometimes he would be so maddened with the intensity of inexpressible thought, that his over-excited nerves could not endure the stimulant of an audible sound. Then he would fly to the covert of the stillest valley; and lying down among the tall grass, and pressing his throbbing forehead to the cool earth, seek repose. From dreams that were soothed by the chant of angels, he would awake to hear sounds that were quite inaudible to all other ears; and he would listen to the downy pinions of the south wind, as they hovered among the herb-

age, kissing the tender grass-blades so delicately that they did not stir.

It will readily be perceived that, with these gifts, thus morbidly latent, he was wholly unfit for the manual labors, which were by his people, considered of primary importance; and that in time he came to be held in rather low esteem. Even his brother Jabal, who was patient and gentle in the extreme, found him but a poor tender of the flock; for thrice had beasts of prey entered, and borne off the most precious lambs of the fold; and many times accidents occurred of which Jubal could give no account, since he had been perfectly unconscious.

At length it became evident to all his kindred, that coercion would not avail any thing; and they permitted him to wander at will, without attempting any restraint; for they supposed he was possessed by some evil spirit, of whose nature they had no apprehension. To his mother, only, the gifted and gentle Adah, did Jubal ever attempt an utterance of himself. With the true maternal instinct she had perceived his wonderful gifts; though she knew not in what direction they could be developed. She zealously defended him from all imputations of insanity, and wrong, always expressing a conviction that he would yet be the pride and ornament of his race.

Sometimes, however, in private, she would gently admonish him of his mishaps, and urge on him the necessity of greater caution, and the adoption of some settled course of life. Once, during such a scene, he flung his arms around her neck, and hiding his streaming eyes in her bosom, whispered: "O, mother, mother! I can not think, and see; I can only hear, and feel. I wonder if thou hearest the voices that I hear; or my father; or Jabal? The Sea, the Earth, is full of them. I can not work. I can only listen. They are all here—imprisoned in my bosom. They seem to be making themselves wings, like young birds, and struggling to fly away. Lay thy head on my breast, and listen; for I feel them so strongly, mother, it seems as if they might be heard."

Then, after throwing himself on the ground awhile, he rose, and said, "Now lay thy hand on my forehead, mother. Its coolness is pleasant to me. Dost thou not feel the throbbing? It seems as if my head were all on fire. Let me lie down on the cool grass; and let no one disturb me, till I sleep the sleep of death, and find repose." Then she parted off the flaxen curls from his brow, and pressing her hand there, bowed her head to his bosom, and mingled her tears with his; for there was a mysterious sympathy between them, stronger than the ties of consanguinity. Such was the conflict, in which the Father of Minstrels came to unfold his mission.

Not long after this, as he lay among the reeds, a sweeter sound than he had ever heard before attracted his attention. It happened that many of the bamboos and reeds, had become old and dry; and thus, broken off, lay scattered on the ground. One of these tubes happened to lie in a direction inclining to his ear; and the fresh breeze went singing through it, as if enchanted with its own sweetness. He was breathless with excitement—for one moment—and then the reason was perceived. Nature had given up her secret. His mission was discovered. The hitherto inexpressible would now find expression. The torture of his heart would be appeased. He had found a key to the pent-up treasure of his bosom. He had, henceforth, only to will, and to do.

Fashioned of reeds and bamboo stalks, he was not long in producing some rudimental types of the flute, and organ. To his mother, alone, he confided the secret of his discovery. In his grotto, which was remote from any human path, or habitation, he wrought his instruments, and tried them. They were rough, and full of defects; but the soul of Jubal now that it was fairly roused, could breathe melody into the insensible wood. In that beautiful solitude he poured out the wealth of his filial heart; and to his one thrilling and grateful auditors, he rehearsed his triumphs. After a time this spot had the reputation of being haunted by spirits of another sphere. The story was carried with the learning of Syria into Greece; and was finally perpetuated, in the mythic legends of Parnassus, and Castalia.

But the inventions of Jubal were not yet complete. One day, paying a visit to the cave of his brother, Tubal Cain, he touched acci-

dentally, or perhaps instinctively, a fiber of metal, which had been wound around two projecting fragments of the rock. Its vibration woke a new principle in the ever attentive ear; and begging a supply of the wire from his indulgent brother, the young enthusiast again retired: and a harp was the result.

The power of this new instrument was soon put to the test, in a very remarkable and striking manner. Jubal as yet knew not his own strength. He was unconscious of possessing a gift that could charm every heart, and take captive every mind; and therefore he hid the secret from his people, and retired to an oasis, far away in the desert, to pour out the harmonies that were nearly rending him for want of utterance, that his soul might freely expand, and measure itself by the surrounding greatness. He became impassioned with the first full conception of his own power; and the overwhelming torrent of sound swept over the strings, volume after volume, until the wide horizon was filled with the melody.

What form is that approaching the minstrel, with a step as noiseless as if his feet were masked with velvet? Gracious Heaven, defend the innocent! It is the terrible lion of Nubia, crouching in his lair! Noiseless, as if borne on the track of light, he creeps along—near—and yet nearer! Is there no guardian angel to warn the boy!—no strong human hand to deliver him! He is wholly unconscious of danger. Nearer—nearer—crouching at his feet, behold the monster! Is it the smell of blood that lights those large eyes with such a depth of luster? No, they are soft and dewy; and see, his head is bowed down, resting on his broad feet, while the eyes are turned up to those of the minstrel, as if bound by a holy spell. The soul of the performer reaches the climax of its ecstasy. He looks down, and beholds—not his danger—but the proudest triumph of human art—a savage beast disarmed of his instincts. The soul of the minstrel is instantly penetrated with the sympathy, which speaks in the whole attitude and expression of his visitor.

Moved only by the one overmastering impulse of his nature, he bowed himself down; and clasping his arms around the shaggy neck of the lion sobbed out; "I can not fear thee. Thou art a brother to Jubal; for thou too canst hear; thou too canst feel." The subdued animal pressed his head against the hand of Jubal, with a low cry, as if *encoring* the performance; and he, though nearly exhausted, continued playing—and thus made good his retreat—the lion following to the utmost boundaries of the desert.

Not long after this, happened the death of Tubal Cain, as was recorded in our last chapter. Jubal was much affected by it; for he was just beginning to love his brother, of whose existence he had before been hardly conscious, Tubal Cain having withdrawn from his father's household before the birth of the youngest-born. But when the powers of Jubal had found expression, his sympathies were quickened, and his whole character was changed. He came to feel the deepest interest in a brother, who, like himself, had been neglected, and estranged from his people. He sought him in his subterranean home; and throwing himself into the arms of the long estranged, poured out such a torrent of regret, and love, and remorse, as completely overwhelmed Tubal Cain, who, since the death of the Lame Boy, had not allowed himself to love any other; and, indeed, he had little temptation. But now that this gentle and ardent child of Nature, with his fraternal title to regard, had come to his arms, the heart which had so long ago collapsed itself against the coldness and selfishness it had met, re-expanded. And the two brothers, though so very different, became the truest friends; and the cave of Tubal Cain resounded with the melodies of Jubal.

By some means, it does not appear how, the secret gift of Jubal became known to his kindred; and almost reluctantly he consented to make a public exhibition of his inventions, and his skill. The glorious skies of Syria were never bluer, than when all the people were gathered together in the palm grove, to listen to the minstrel.

He took the harp, and running his fingers carelessly over the chords, gave a short prelude. Sweet, wild, and spirit-like, yet with a human feeling interwrought, it seemed the very essence of the tenderest, the divinest love. The thrilling chords of every heart responded to the tuneful strain. The people stood with lifted hands, as if they



had been that moment transfigured by a new revelation ; and they had just discovered their own souls.

The minstrel perceived his power, and struck a bolder string. It was a story of suffering, of conflict, of wrong—wrought up with the most terrible strength and intensity. Strong knees smote together ; and strong hearts quaked. An oppressive weight lay on every bosom ; for a horrible thought had become intelligible. Then came a passage of acute suffering. The chords groaned, and shrieked, as with a cry of human anguish. This was followed by a period of languor, weakness, faintness. The quivering strings seemed to gasp for breath, as if the spirit of the atmosphere had swooned away. Then there was a strong reaction—a struggle as of the Immortal with Mortality—of Life with Death. Suddenly, in the very midst of this effort, the chords were rent in sunder ; and the harp was mute. The people prostrated themselves in the dust, smiting their bosoms with bitter groans. They had listened to the Life and Death of Tubal Cain.

Jubal's heart was dissolved in pity for their remorse ; for they had erred blindly. He took the flute and breathed a tender lay of love, he had composed for his mother. The melody stole over their hearts, like oil over the troubled sea. Then came cooling tears, to quench the torturing flames ; and they wept, as if the fresh fountains of childhood were again unsealed. A divine joy filled every bosom ; and they arose in a kind of ecstasy, stretching out their arms, as if to grasp at the enchantment, which seemed to pervade the whole air. But the minstrel was exhausted by the intensity of his own emotions. The instrument fell from his hands. He burst into tears ; and throwing himself on his mother's breast fainted away.

On his recovery he was crowned with flowers ; and the proudest of his people contended for the honor of bearing him to the tent of Lamech. When the aged Patriarch, who was too infirm to leave the tent, beheld his youngest-born, the child of his old age, thus borne in triumph, he clasped his trembling arms around him, and bowing himself down, blessed Jehovah for the gift of such a son.

#### A SIMILE.

WHEN the temple of Minerva was finished, at Athens, two rival sculptors of that city were employed in the decoration of its summit with a statue of the goddess. Each labored in secret, and followed the conceptions of his own mind, with a view to the production of a masterpiece of art. On the day that the merits of the statues were to be decided upon, and the hour of so doing had arrived, a few of the self-constituted judges gathered in front, while thousands remained behind who could see nothing, hurrahd and responded to their decision. One statue was of the size of life, finely sculptured, and of the most exquisite workmanship ; the features beautifully chiselled, until life seemed staring from the marble. The other was of colossal size, with huge and apparently unshapely limbs, and features that looked to the immediate observer more like unmeaning protuberances than any thing else. When the judges gave a decision in favor of the small but beautiful statue, it was gradually raised amid the shouts of the multitude, and became dimmer and fainter as it receded from their view ; and when it finally reached the pedestal, it resembled nothing human or divine, but seemed to have dwindled to a mere point. The applause gave way to murmurs and disapprobation and it was then lowered to make room for its rejected rival, which was very reluctantly hoisted in its stead. As it receded from the earth its deformities lessened, and gave way to an appearance of symmetry and beauty, which increased with its distance from the earth ; and when it finally reached the pinnacle from which the sculptor, from his knowledge of perspective and proportion, designed it should be viewed, then it looked as if the Divinity herself, so beautiful was its aspect, had descended to receive the homage of her worshippers. So it is with men. God Almighty moulded the character of men according to the station which he intended they should ultimately fill ; and when a man is placed by circumstances in a position lower than that in which he was created to move, his virtues become vices in the eyes of those whose vision is too short to view him as a whole, and who therefore reject him as unfit for elevation.—*Mike Walsh.*

Original.

#### THE SUNRISE.

BY MRS. ANNA KÜHNHOLD.

THE sunrise sendeth blessings forth for all,  
Equally giving light and warmth to man.  
Does he not bathe the mountains first in gold  
Before his kiss the life awakes below ?—  
To penetrate the valleys' misty shrouds—  
To shorten gradually the shades of night—  
Requires a drop from that eternal source  
Which men call time—a pure and shining drop,  
That mirrors forth the various morning scenes  
That now unfold. \* \* \*

The sleepers rise ! The dawning of the morn  
Proclaims to man an everlasting day—  
A day of freedom for all fettered souls—  
A day of strength for poor, imbecile minds—  
A day of wisdom, brotherhood, and peace,  
Whose genial air, and life-restoring light,  
Shall heal the wicked and the ignorant.

O, sun of happiness ! thy hidden light  
Has long existed—only seen by men  
Whose never-resting, truth-desiring minds,  
Ascended on the wings of earnest thought  
To wisdom's height—a region pure and far  
Above the rudimental paths of life.  
No shadow sails around that lofty seat,  
Where Wisdom, with a calm and lovely face,  
Beholds the great arrival of the sun  
Among the startled junior race beneath.

Some greet the light with wondering innocence,  
And joy sincere ; for it removes the pain  
That tortures still the ever-doubting mind.  
They trust the light, and sooner will progress  
In knowledge, wisdom, and the love of right,  
Than the insensate, ill-directed mass,  
Who ne'er admit the truth of any thought  
But what is born in their presumptive minds.  
Their knowledge, based upon external show,  
Is superficial ; for material things  
Are but the outline of the hidden truth  
Whose actuality they symbolize.  
Believing that the scenes of acting men  
Are closed forever by the hand of Death,  
Their cares are bounded by this transient life—  
They scorn away the higher, heavenly truth,  
And crucify their own inherent faith.

There is a group that flee the light, like fire,  
Which burns upon their low degraded souls ;  
They choose to live in gloom, like poisonous plants,  
And better thrive in midst of evil deeds.  
Enlightening is punishment for them—  
It calls the conscience up to be their judge.

A picture now unfolds its curious scenes  
Beneath the o'ershadowing walls of yonder church—  
A place too gloomy too let in the light—  
Thousands of misled beings enter there,  
To worship God within those stony walls—  
Sinners they call themselves, and pray for light—  
For love—nor see the luminous flood without,  
That fills with warming love the boundless space—  
Infinite to the measure of our thoughts—  
That teaches how to love our fellow men,  
As faithful as the ever-warming sun,  
That all the mysteries of the universe  
Illuminates—the hidden power of God,  
Moved by eternal laws of holy love.

How many rays from Truth's unfailing sun  
Were lost amid the gloomy night on Earth ;  
For long accustomed to a darkened sphere,  
The world has shut them out from sight and sense.  
Rejoice, ye waiting lovers of the light !  
One spark has found its proper element,  
Spreading from mind to mind, illumining thus  
A thousand glowing bosoms with its power !  
So shall it brighten as the brightest sun,  
Expanding, burning still, forever more.

## Summary of Intelligence.

## FOREIGN.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—On Friday night (the 28th ult.) questions were put to the Government in both Houses to ascertain the position of England with regard to the critical state of Turkish affairs. Lord Clarendon in the Lords, and Lord John Russell in the Commons, stated that the French and English Representatives at Constantinople were acting in concert, and that the integrity of the Porte would be maintained. It was hoped Russia would insist on nothing incompatible therewith, but in the present condition of the matter, the British Government could not give further indication of the course they would pursue.

Mazzini had arrived in England from his concealment on the Continent. He remained in Milan three months before the insurrection and one month after it—the fact being known to hundreds of Italians.

**TURKEY.**—The Porte has refused to accept the Russian ultimatum, and Prince Menschikoff had embarked at Constantinople on board a Russian ship of war for Odessa.

The Ambassador of France had ordered the French fleet to the Dardanelles, supposed with a view to prevent any attempt at Russia to seize or pass the strait; but on the 20th the French squadron was still at Salamis.

The British fleet remained at Malta on the 18th, awaiting reinforcements from England.

Dispatches to the British Admiral Dundas, stated that Menschikoff remained on board a steamer, and had given the Porte eight days longer to reconsider, threatening if again resisted, he will finally withdraw.

**CHINA.**—Letters from Commander Kelly, of the sloop-of-war Plymouth, dated Hong Kong, March 27, have been received at the Navy Department. He refers to the report that Nankin had fallen into the hands of the revolutionists, and expected Shanghai to be the next point attacked.

Later intelligence from China states that the French, American and English ships in China had undertaken to protect Nankin and Shanghai against the rebels, at the earnest request of the Emperor.

Bayard Taylor, the China correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, says, under date of March 20th: "The rebels boldly avow their intention of overthrowing the present dynasty. They exhibit the greatest skill and judgment in all their operations, and their whole career has been marked by a succession of uninterrupted triumphs. They retain no city or fortress which they capture, respect private property, commit no outrages on individuals, and seek to conciliate those whom they conquer. The consequence is, their ranks are continually increasing, and unless checked before long, they will succeed in their aims. The British steamers ostensibly go up to protect British property in Shanghai. It is not known whether they will do more than this, since, should the rebels succeed, the probable effect will be, to open all parts of China to the world. The crisis is intensely interesting. It is the first time in nearly two centuries that the Imperial Government has been seriously menaced."

**SWITZERLAND.**—The Austrian Charge de Affairs had notified the federal government, that Austria, convinced of the uselessness of further negotiations with Switzerland, had ordered him to withdraw. The Swiss Envoy at Vienna, M. Stinger, is consequently recalled, and diplomatic relations are completely broken off. The brave attitude taken by Switzerland attracts attention.

## DOMESTIC.

**IMMIGRATION.**—It appears from the books of the Commissioners of Emigration, that during the past month 30,234 alien passengers arrived at this port from foreign countries. The number of each nation was as follows: Irish, 12,179; Germans, 10,989; English, 3,288; French, 1,072; Scotch, 1,214; Swiss, 857; Welch, 157; Italians,

126; Dutch, 119; Spaniards, 83; Norwegians, 86; Portuguese, 3; Swedes, 32; Sicilians, 4; Danes, 8; Mexicans, 14; Poles, 1; South-Americans, 15; Chinese, 4; Turks, 1.

ONE thousand dollars reward has been offered by a gentleman in Philadelphia, to any individual who will explain satisfactorily, on any physical theory, how the phenomena commonly called Spiritual Manifestations are produced. To any person who will undertake it, a list of the facts to be explained, will be furnished and ample time afforded for a full investigation. Competitors for the prize, may send their address to the office of the *Carrier Dove*, No. 44 North Eighth-street, Philadelphia.

**SLAVE STAMPEDES.**—Slaves are running away from Missouri, at the present time, in battallions. Three belonging to Mr. R. Meek, of Weston, ran away on Wednesday of last week—two of whom were afterward apprehended. They were making for the Plains. Fifteen made a stampede from Ray County, the week before, and took the line of their march for Iowa. Several were captured in Grundy County, but the larger number made good their escape.

[*Alton (Ill.) Telegraph.*]

**ANOTHER NEW INVENTION.**—A scientific gentleman in Evansville, Indiana, has been engaged during the last two years, perfecting an instrument to enable the sight to penetrate through the human body, and has already brought the work to a point that guarantees him ultimate success. Flesh, viewed through this telescope, is rendered transparent as glass, and has a pink tinge. He turned his mind to this project nineteen years ago, since which time he has given it almost constant thought.

**LATE HALIFAX PAPERS** announce that the Provincial fishing schooner Velocity has been driven from St. George's Bay by a French cruiser. The *Halifax Recorder* hopes that the haste of the French cruiser, in this instance, will wake up the vigilance of the Basilisk, Devastation, and other British vessels, engaged in the same line of business.

THE "Free Produce Association of Friends of New-York," held their yearly meeting a few days since, in this City. Their object is to discountenance slavery by refusing to consume any of its products.

THE engineers and one of the firemen on the night express train of the South-Carolina Railroad, were killed on Monday night last, in consequence of the cars running off the track. Another fireman was dreadfully scalded, and four cars smashed to pieces.

THE *Detroit Free Press* has a statement from Mackinaw that the Mormons have been committing numerous depredations on the fishermen—burning their dwellings, robbing them of their fish in barrels, destroying their salt, and stealing their nets, boats, clothes, money and provisions.

**NEW-MEXICO.**—News received from El Paso, announces that Gen. Trias arrived there on the 24th of April, with an army of 750 men, but finding Gen. Lane unsupported by the people, he, with his army, returned home.

THE official announcement of the opening of the Crystal Palace, designates the 15th of July as the day fixed upon. After so many disappointments, it is to be hoped that the present expectations will be realized.

**FORTY-FIVE** Choctaw Indians, men, women and children, will arrive in this city in a few days, to be present at the opening of the World's Fair.

AN ox weighing 3,500 pounds, and perfectly white, raised in Illinois, and a five legged cow, have arrived at Wheeling, en route for the World's Fair.

## THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Published by THE HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION,  
100 Nassau Street, New-York City.